

Development
board
junket, p. 4

Helping
drug victims
in Columbia, p. 6

Brinkley
predicts
at Clemson, p. 8

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SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

OSCEOLA

Why the truckers are on strike...

by Dick Harpootlian

The headline screamed at us: "Students Killed At Kent State." Awake most of the night huddled around a radio trying to find out more about the Kent State killings, we had decided to drive up to the 123 Truck Stop, a few miles outside of Seneca.

Truckers occupied most of the booths, their rigs sitting every which way outside in the parking lot. Most of them were talking about the killings and as soon as they noticed us the chatter

TRUCKERS SHUT DOWN
YOU GOT TO EAT AND PAY BILLS TOO
THE OIL COMPANY WONT PAY YOUR
BILLS DONT BE A ASS FIGHT BACK
IF YOU STOP WE CAN GET RESULTS
HELP NIXON SAVE ENERGY
STOP

Photo by Jon Buchanan

Striking truckers at Piney Grove and their signs: down on Nixon

increased in intensity.

"Should have killed more of 'em that's what I say. Why them little sons of bitches think they can defy law and order. Nixon should have done this a long time ago...."

It's been barely a month since the Ohio National Guard was called out to deal with another group of dissidents. This time it was the truckers, not some long-haired, panty-waisted peace faggots, but the Merle Haggard irregulars. Angered by increasing fuel prices, lower speed limits and just the general all-round screwing they believe they have received at the hands of big business and big government, the truckers have set out to bring this country to its knees.

The independent trucker pays his own insurance, taxes, installment payments on his truck and fuel costs. Unlike the trucker who works for a trucking company which pays fuel costs and gives him a truck to drive, the independent trucker is greatly affected by increasing fuel costs and speed limits which cost him time. These factors have driven the independent truckers from a reasonable income into what they describe as strictly a losing proposition.

Trucking companies, independent truckers will tell you, buy their fuel wholesale and can adjust their delivery schedules to compensate for the

(Continued on page five)

osceola

"This script, it seems to me, is the work of professionals who yearned to be as charming as inspired amateurs can sometimes be."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
"Between Time and Timbaktu"

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TTRB

from Washington

Coincidences

In March, 1971, shortly after the Secretary of Agriculture refused to raise milk price supports, President Nixon met with representatives of dairy cooperatives and the following day they contributed \$25,000 to his campaign, promising \$2 million all told. The day after that the Secretary of Agriculture, on direct White House orders, reversed his prior decision and raised supports without explanation, at a cost of \$500 million to consumers. There was no connection between the two events, says Mr. Nixon.

The Justice Department antitrust division rejected the plea of ITT that it be allowed to keep the Hartford Insurance Company, the biggest merger in history. By a coincidence the government reversed itself after ITT on July 21, 1971, promised to contribute \$200,000 to the Republican convention at San Diego. Mr. Nixon knew nothing about it.

On June 17, 1972, burglars from the Republican bailiwick were caught red-handed in the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee and admitted they were directed by White House associates. President Nixon knew nothing about this. He referred to it as "this very bizarre incident" at a San Clemente press conference, August 29. And he reassured the nation, April 30, 1973, in a televised statement that he was "appalled at this senseless illegal action." He was "shocked" that employees of the re-election committee "were apparently among those guilty." Mr. Nixon had been deceived by his subordinates.

Mr. Nixon is as patient as Lincoln. Although he announced the resignation of Haldeman and Ehrlichman that same evening he did not blame them for the action of others in the monstrous betrayal: "Two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know," he said. Both are now under indictment.

Nobody told Mr. Nixon, either, about the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, under authority of the unfortunate Egil Krogh, head of the plumbers. He was just sentenced to six months in jail. Poor Krogh: in an agonized repentance statement he said, "I hope young men and women will recognize that the banner of national security can turn perceived patriotism into actual disservice.

I hope they will never fail to ask, 'Is this right?'"

Exit Krogh. Don't feel the President isn't moved by such tragedies—to see idealistic young men who served him broken and crushed. He exclaimed (May 22, 1973) "I can see how highly motivated individuals could have felt justified in engaging in specific activities that I would have disapproved of had they been brought to my attention." Alas, nobody brought them to his attention.

The same mist of innocence surrounds Mr. Nixon's relations with his close friend Charles (Bebe) Rebozo, with Robert Abplanalp, and even with the invisible billionaire, Howard Hughes. There probably never was a more guileless President. He has been pursued by coincidences and by men who knew exactly what they wanted. Take Bebe, a self-made man, a one-time airplane steward, a transplanted Cuban, a Florida real estate plunger. Could Mr. Nixon have guessed that after a reporter from *Newsday* wrote critical articles about Rebozo, somebody from the White House would arrange for an IRS audit of the reporter's tax return? Could he have known that after the Federal Home Loan Bank Board twice turned down a Rebozo application for Federal deposit insurance on his savings-and-loan association in Key Biscayne, the board would suddenly think better of it, after Mr. Nixon named two new members of the three man body?

Any competent psychiatrist could analyze Mr. Nixon's public utterances and easily construct a personality model of the President—he is an open book, a hopeful, confiding man, who believes what he is told, who follows the crowd, who carries loyalty to subordinates almost to naivete. Take the matter of his personal finances.

He tripled his net worth as President and became a millionaire. But it was due to others: he took the \$482,000 tax deduction on his vice-presidential papers simply on the urging of LBJ; the valuable federal improvements on his Florida and California real estate were due to the over-solicitous Secret Service; the controversial tax returns on his property (or lack of returns) followed legal advice of others. Mr. Nixon

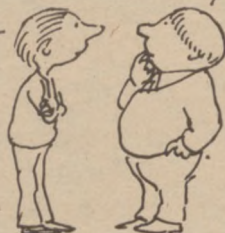
had little to do with it. He was not responsible.

The same with Howard Hughes. A "contribution" of \$100,000 in \$100 bills turned up in Rebozo's safe where it had rested three years. The President knew nothing about it. Noah Dietrich, Hughes' chief of staff for 32 years, in a book on his former boss, says, "I never met a more apolitical man in my life... 'Everybody has a price,' he always said. And he was willing to offer that price—to a city councilman or the President of the United States..." There are crass, sardonic people like that, but only a hatefully suspicious nature would connect the Hughes money with a 1970 favorable ruling by ex-Attorney General Mitchell, allowing Hughes interests to acquire another airline, and a Las Vegas hotel. "Before the election I did not want any information from anybody with regard to campaign contributions," Mr. Nixon reassured the country last October. "I made my mistakes. But in all my years of public life I have never profited from public service...I'm not a crook." Name any other President who has given such a pledge.

The same thing goes for the tapes. Why shouldn't a man beset with awful responsibilities surreptitiously tape the conversations of friends, or others. No wonder he did it, when you think how they deceived him on Watergate. The President promised, July 23, that the tapes would be kept "under my sole personal control." Now the experts say that the crucial 18-minute Nixon-Haldeman conversation on June 20, 1972, right after Watergate, was deliberately erased. A crime has been committed. Only a few people at the White House had access to them: Rose Mary Woods, an assistant, and—good gracious—Mr. Nixon himself! A team of FBI men is at the White House now interrogating the lesser staff and checking up on a criminal act. Conservative columnists are having a rugged time of it, some have thrown in the sponge. They are the men of little faith! After deliberation we subscribe to the Alexander Haig theory of "sinister force." A telegram came in the other day from a constituent of Rep. Drinan (D-Mass.), a Jesuit priest. "If you can't impeach him," it urged, "exorcise him." This kind of thing will be going on, we expect, till May.

Felfler

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?



WELL, I DON'T WANT TO BE A PILOT BECAUSE YOU WASTE FUEL.

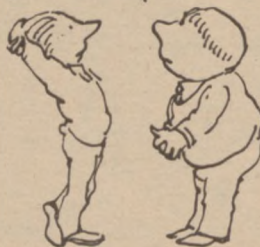
AND I DON'T WANT TO BE A LAWYER BECAUSE YOU GET INDICTED.



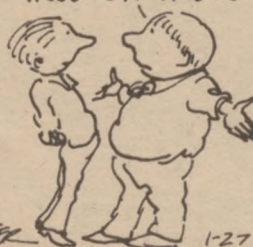
AND I DON'T WANT TO BE A DOCTOR BECAUSE ITS TOO COMMERCIAL.



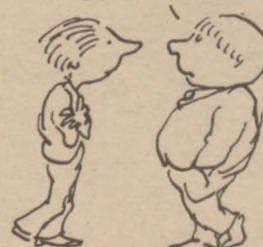
AND I DON'T WANT TO BE PRESIDENT BECAUSE ITS CROOKED.



AND I DON'T WANT TO BE A TEACHER BECAUSE WHO KNOWS WHAT'S TRUE OR FALSE?



SO I DON'T THINK I'LL BE ANYTHING.



IT'S THE ONLY MORAL CHOICE.

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1-27

Cheap Shots

Rediscovered Gems

"Mr. President, you said earlier that you thought General Grant had never read the Constitution. Do you think Mr. Nixon ever has?"

"I don't know. I don't know. But I'll tell you this. If he has, he don't understand it."

--Conversation between author Merle Miller and President Harry Truman before the death of the former President.

Reform of the insurance industry in South Carolina has been a much debated subject in the legislature recently. The following excerpt from the *State*, March 24, 1961 will reaffirm any feeling of *deja vu* you might have had:

STATE ADMINISTRATION OF 'BAD RISKS' URGED

A special legislative committee recommended to the S. C. General Assembly Thursday that the State Insurance Department take complete charge of the distribution of automobile liability insurance of motorists considered bad risks.

This was the principal proposal embodied in the report of a committee created last year to study the administration of the so-called "assigned risk" feature of the state's uninsured driver's act. The insurance firms now administer most aspects of the plan.

The report also backed a recommendation of Chief Insurance Commissioner William F. Austin that a 15 percent surcharge not be levied by insurance companies against assigned risk drivers who have clean driving records.

The committee's report noted that Austin's office has made some changes in the administration of the assigned risk plan and there has been a noticeable subsidence of complaints from motorists since the charges were put into effect.

One change instituted by the insurance commissioner stipulates that an insurance firm may charge higher rates if the motorist has been convicted of a traffic violation. Formerly a driver was placed in a high risk category simply by being charged with an offense.

Earlier in the legislative session, lawmakers complained bitterly that insurance companies were acting in concert to deny many uninsured drivers liability insurance regardless of the fact that many had acquired no bad-driving points.

The committee's report noted that Austin had recommended that a break be given insurance firms which write regular liability insurance for unmarried males under 25 years old. "This is the highest rates private passenger classification," said the committee, "and it represents the class which suffers by far the worst experience, due primarily to the severity of the accidents in which under age male drivers are involved."

Ron Zeigler, the man who has done so much for the English language in recent months, was back behind the podium last week, trying to make a few things a little clearer for those news reporters who can't seem to understand what's going on in Washington these days. And he was in rare form with a flair no one had seen since the old "inoperative" days. Under careful questioning during a press conference last Friday, Zeigler offered an explanation for his complicated answers.

"If my answers sound confusing, I think they are confusing, because the questions are confusing, and the situation is confusing and I'm not in a position to clarify it." Hmmm. That oughta settle that. Next question.

With all the gossip about the upcoming Governor's race, the Lt. Governor's race, and the competition for the soon-to-be-vacated U.S. Congressional seats of Bryan Dorn and Tom Gettys, it

CEMETERY CHISELERS or THE LAST FREE RIDE

A proposal to raise the county allotment for paupers' funerals from \$25 to \$75 for children, and from \$75 to \$125 for adults was passed by Richland County Council Wednesday, over the objections of Councilman P.P. "Pete" Leventis.

"I hate to say it," Leventis was quoted as saying, "but I'm afraid this money will encourage people to seek funerals at county expense."

Another councilman—obviously more informed about the rising costs of dying—asked how someone could be buried for only \$125.

"You put them in a pine box and dig a hole in the ground," was the reply.



Photo by Julie Byrum

Senator Fritz Hollings

looks like everybody has forgotten—perhaps out of convenience—about giving Senator Ernest Hollings any campaign competition this year.

Sure, every now and then Senator Thurmond will grumble that Fritz has strayed too far out in left field and gotten out of touch with the political sentiment back home. But it seems that just ain't so—a poll conducted and published last week by the *State* newspaper found that 60 per cent of the voters in South Carolina said they would vote for Hollings in 1974. Only 26 per cent said they would vote against him.

So it seems that beyond Thurmond's grumbles, the lack of opposition back home is giving Hollings an opportunity to broaden his support in Washington. He is frequently mentioned as a possible vice-presidential candidate—particularly if long-time friend Ted Kennedy is heading the Democratic ticket in 1976. Hollings has remained loyal to the national party when many southern Dems were jumping ship. For example, Hollings did an effective job in 1972 as chairman of the Democratic party Senate Campaign Committee and offered mild support for McGovern when other South Carolina Democrats were studiously avoiding the subject.

Now comes the possibility that Hollings has another goal in mind. *New Times*, a bi-weekly magazine published in New York, mentioned Hollings this week as one of the top five contenders for the job as

Senate Majority Leader when Mike Mansfield steps down—which is expected to happen before 1977. The article also mentioned as potential candidates Robert Byrd of West Virginia (present Democratic Whip and front-runner to succeed Mansfield), Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, Hubert Humphrey, and Ed Muskie.

Edgefield newspaper publisher W.W. Mims this week lost his court attempt to prove that his former advertisers had joined with his political opponents in a "conspiratorial boycott" that destroyed his weekly paper. (See *Osceola*, Jan. 18).

U.S. District Court Judge Sol Blatt, Jr., dismissed Mims' suit in a verbal order Tuesday, February 5, agreeing with attorneys for the 17 defendants that the newspaper could not be covered under federal anti-trust laws. The attorneys claimed that the *Edgefield Advertiser* had exhibited a decidedly downward business trend well before the court complaint was filed in 1971.

Times in America have changed. During World War II, when the United States suffered from a shortage of raw and finished materials, including automobiles and gasoline, a typical newspaper ad for automobiles might read: "When the crisis is over, buy our car!" The idea then was that all Americans must make certain sacrifices to preserve the democratic way of life, but once the war and the shortages passed, Americans would receive as their reward "The Good Life."

Things aren't quite the same in the midst of our new crisis. Of course, we're not at war now, unless you want to broaden your definition to include economic weapons. But we are in the midst of something; if you doubt it, try buying gas in Charleston on Friday afternoon. Perhaps one difference is the fact that though "The Good Life" is still just a promise to some, many have achieved it—and aren't anxious to give it up.

This advertisement for Oldsmobiles and Cadillacs was printed recently in *The State*: "In peacetime America, there is no reason for any of us to have to apologize or explain why we're driving whatever car gives us the comfort and luxury we are able to afford. There is no reason for us to deny ourselves fulfillment of the American dream."

Dream on, America.

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Jeans, Pants,
Men's and Ladies'
Tops, Vests

25% Off

Sweaters, Turtlenecks
Jackets and Hats



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PRESENTS

Great Moments in Bottoms

For Your Next "Great Moment" Come to Bottoms and Tops and See the Extraordinary Selection of Tops—The Best in the City.

Bottoms and Tops

"The Man Who Does Not Read
Is No Better Off Than
The Man Who Cannot"

Capitol Newsstand

1206 Main Street

and

Hampton Street

Newsstand

1220 Hampton Street

Giggling Arabs, dwindling gas, and the Development Board press junket

by John Norton

THE FACTS

On February 1, eleven foreign correspondents on a four-state, five-day junket arranged by the United States Information Agency spent the day in Charleston County researching the question: "What Are States Doing to Encourage Foreign Investment?"

After being briefed by officials of the South Carolina Development Board (SCDB), the group visited Charleston-Berkeley-Dorchester TEC, had lunch with state and local dignitaries and officials of foreign-owned plants in Charleston County, and spent the afternoon touring the German-owned Verona chemical plant in Berkeley County's Bushy (Industrial) Park.

John Mullins, the SCDB public relations man who conducted the local tour, said this was the first time a group of foreign correspondents had been entertained by the Board. "The USIA contacted one of our industrial agents who was told that USIA wanted to bring a group of foreign press people to at least four states to show them how various states are going about encouraging foreign industry. I was told that USIA found most states did not have a specific program for encouraging foreign investment—the tour went through Cleveland, California, Louisiana, and South Carolina."

"This was the cream of the crop insofar as foreign journalists are concerned," Mullins said. "About half of them were daily news correspondents; the others were analysts concerned primarily with American economics."

"We tried to impress upon them that we have a good, open, aggressive industrial program; that our main thrust is not blind growth, but that our people need controlled growth."

"The foreign press tour," Mullins continued, "was an opportunity for us to get some positive publicity in a major foreign publication. It's hard to get a top-notch foreign reporter in the state for one hour, and we had a dozen of them here all day. One article in a paper like the Times of London may reach a person interested in locating here. If so, if it reaches that one person, it was worth the investment."

The cost to the development board for conducting the local tour was estimated at \$275, which included automobile transportation and two meals. Mullins was asked if the correspondents paid for their own air fare. "I'm not sure; I know that we didn't pay it." (A member of the tour group said the USIA arranged for flights and paid air fare for the eleven journalists and their tour guide, Stuart Halpine, an official of USIA's New York Foreign Press Center.)

"As individuals, they paid for their own hotel and personal expenses," Mullins said. "We provided only meals and transportation. That was one of the reasons we were interested in having them—the fact that their trip was not simply a vacation. Our thinking was that they would more likely file a story if they paid their own way. They have to come out of this trip with something, or they won't be able to justify their own expenses."

Mullins said a statement made to him by

"...the presentation had profiled S. C. as an industrial paradise, even down to the happy natives..."

one of the tour group was a further indication that the group did not regard their trip simply as a vacation. "She told me that she really couldn't afford the trip on her budget but also felt she couldn't afford to turn it down."

Mullins described the board's presentation to the journalists as "casual." "We knew that by the time they reached Charleston, which was the last stop on the tour, they would be tired, so we decided on a loose, easy-going approach. We didn't want to haul them into a conference room for eight hours and fill their heads with statistics."

"We realize that the primary information they will draw on is the printed matter which we gave them. We just hoped to leave them with a positive attitude; we just wanted to say that South Carolina is a good place to live and work in, and, of course, invest it."

Halpine, the USIA official accompanying the group, indicated similar goals for the four-state tour as a whole. He told guests at the foreign press luncheon that the United States image abroad has suffered in recent years and that several tours are conducted each year by the USIA's foreign press offices in New York and Washington in hopes that "the United States will emerge with a more satisfactory image in the foreign press."

Members of the foreign press who made the tour included Levon Keshishian of Al Ahram, Cairo; Mauro Calamandrei of L'Espresso in Rome; Shoichiro Ariyoshi, Yukoh Kawamura, and Ken Kondo, all of Tokyo; Ursula Besch, correspondent for two Munich publications; Gilbert Grellet with the Agence France Presse in Paris; Robert Lamberg, North and Latin American correspondent for Zurich's Neue Zuercher Zeitung; Herbert Winkler, representative of the German Press Agency in Hamburg; and Jogrinda Kumar Banerji, U.S. correspondent for the Hindusthan Standard in Calcutta.

THE FICTION

We joined the foreign press group during breakfast at the Mills Hyatt House. Immediately upon ordering our first press payola of the day—two Danish and coffee on the SCDB—we fell into a discussion of Watergate with Peter Strafford of the Times of London and Levon Keshishian, a Jerusalem-born Arab working for the semi-official Egyptian daily Al Ahram. The merest mention of Watergate was too much for my companion who was groping around the table in search of coffee, still suffering due to the early hour and an overdose of rich Charleston seafood foolishly consumed the night before.

"Nixon!" he groaned. "Shoot him! Throw him out!" More groans.

I tried to elevate the conversation to a more suitable level with: "I believe a large minority of Southerners favor removing the President from office..."

My friend finished my sentence for me. "Hangin's too damned good for him!"

Strafford appeared to write it all down, responding to each statement my companion (and myself) made with a neutral British "yes." Keshishian, whose accent and appearance were stereotyped to the point that a pulp fiction writer might have described him as "a short Arab with a big nose," preferred the role of devil's advocate. Or perhaps he missed the



T. Allen Legare, Jr.

humorous note in my friend's groan.

"Your friend here," Keshishian said to me, forcefully, "says 'Shoot him! Throw Nixon out!' I hear this everywhere. But when I ask, 'tell me one lie Nixon has been caught in,' they cannot tell me. So tell me one lie!"

Arabs-For-Nixon? This was a new twist. Someone—it might have been me—said something about it being hard to get trapped in a lie when your press secretary was busy labeling it "Inoperative."

"Run the son-of-a-bitch out on a rail," my companion interjected, as he demanded coffee or accountability from a waitress.

"Just tell me one lie!" Keshishian repeated insistently.

I mentioned several, all of which the Cairo correspondent dismissed as the work of Nixon's subordinates.

"Just tell me one lie!"

I was getting desperate. Keshishian kept calling for the lie and Strafford kept saying "Yes" to everything. Fortunately, my companion had just finished choking down his first cup of coffee and was becoming vaguely aware of his own presence in the room. Seeing I was cornered, he launched into a lengthy recollection of his high school trip to the Holy Land.

"Where did you stay?" Keshishian asked him.

"In, ah...ah, Palestine," he seemed to remember. Exactly where in Palestine, he wasn't sure.

"I lived in a Baptist mission!" he

blurted out. Keshishian frowned. My friend covered with "Also with a Palestine family!" He didn't remember the name of the family.

I sat quietly and ate what I now realize was a prune danish. After five minutes or so, Keshishian and my friend reached an agreement on the general location of both Jerusalem and Nazareth. The conversation wandered off toward its inevitable goal: the middle-east crisis.

"What about the middle-east crisis?" my friend ventured.

Strafford responded with another noncommittal "yes." It was obviously Keshishian's question. He launched into an intelligent, totally-biased discussion of the whole mess, touching on the rabid personalities of American Zionists ("These are worse than the Israelis!") and winding up with an analysis of the fascist nature of the Israeli mind. ("The Israelis are not building religion! Not building democracy! They are building The Israeli Man!")

As Keshishian began describing his job as an Arab reporter in Jewish New York, I began to realize several things. First, Keshishian's defense of Nixon was a put-on, which also explained why he giggled each time he said, "Tell me one lie!" Secondly, it hit me that these people really were important members of the foreign press. Strafford had just finished telling me he was the only London Times reporter presently living in the U.S., and now Keshishian was casually dropping the names of persons of global prominence in statements like: "Never I go to Israeli press conference at United Nations. Ha! That Abba Eban! He would love to see me at one of his press conferences!"

The conversation dwindled into a few moments of silence. Then Keshishian turned to me and smiled slyly in Arabic.

"Just one lie! You tell me!"

THE OPINION

It was a good day. Mullins and his accomplices, using the soft sell, stuck to the main public relations points associated with the development board and its program (our TEC system is our greatest selling point, our people love to work, we're now trying to help the underemployed laborer) and left the rest to the pound or so of printed material presented to each journalist in a briefcase bearing a large gold dollar sign. The correspondents were taken on a tour of C-B-D TEC where they saw a \$50,000 working scale model of the nearby Verona chemical dye plant, which they would later visit, constructed by the state to train workers at state expense.

After the TEC visit, the press group drove back into town for a luncheon with SCDB chairman T. Allen Legare, Jr. and other dignitaries, who were assigned to specific tables "to insure a productive 'mix' for informational input," or so the tour agenda said.

The luncheon was followed by a visit to the S. C. Ports Authority where the

(Continued on page nine)

Truckers on strike: more violence?

(Continued from page one)

lower speed limits. So while the companies may not be having a bonanza year, they aren't losing their shirts either.

This prompted many of them to blockade many of the nation's major throughfares a few weeks ago in an effort to draw public attention to their plight. Most states responded with National Guard troops and tow trucks. Highways were cleared in a matter of hours and everything was back to normal, including the truckers' predicament.

This week independent truckers began a new ploy by refusing to drive or make any deliveries. And while the independents aren't by any means a majority of truck drivers in the country, tactics employed by persons sympathetic with the independents kept a good number of non-independents off the road.

A South Carolina driver was killed this week by a sniper as he drove through Delaware; a North Carolina driver was shot as he drove through Wilmington, N.C.; tires on nine trucks were slashed in Maryland; bricks and cement blocks were dropped from overpasses through the windshields of strike breaking trucks. The list of incidents could go on, but it all means one thing to non-striking truck drivers: they now realize that each time they take to the roads they are literally risking their lives. The message seems to have been understood, for the amount of truckers not driving has increased to the point where it has necessitated the laying off of some 100,000 workers in industries which rely on trucks.

Convoys of trucks with National Guardsmen riding shotgun have made their way through some states delivering much-needed medical supplies or food which would spoil if it remained in warehouses any longer.

The major impact of the strike will be felt by the average American who may not be able to buy food next week. The independents feel this is unfortunate, but necessary. They blame their troubles on the major oil companies who they believe have used the Arab oil embargo as an excuse to double fuel prices. At the same time lower speed limits have forced drivers to spend at least 25 percent more time on the highways. Since most independents get paid by the mile, time is money and for most truckers both are running out.

John Jefferson of Lexington has parked his rig out at Piney Grove Truck Stop, a few miles outside of Columbia on Interstate 26, and says it won't roll again until fuel prices come down and speed limits go up. "Fuel prices have doubled in the past year, yet shipping rates have remained the same. I am not saying we should increase rates, though. That won't help anybody. Farmers are already paying too much to ship their produce to market. Some of them even plowed their crops under last year rather than lose any more money on them. The answer is rolling back prices to at least what they were last May."

"Nixon wouldn't meet with any of our people, but Simon talked to him an hour yesterday and said that Nixon would support a price freeze on fuel and an increase in rates, now that would hurt, not help us," Jefferson explained.



John Jefferson, right, and other striking truckers.

Answering questions posed by reporters about the violence associated with the trucker's strike, Jefferson said, "With as many of them starting to run (breaking the strike) I'm surprised more haven't been killed."

Jefferson and the other independent truckers are fairly simple people. Tattooed arms, scarred faces, grotesque dental work mark most of them. They're one of the last remnants of the fiercely independent frontier-type in America and they're intent upon seeing this country go to hell before they do.

"I don't believe there's an energy crisis and I don't believe that Nixon and Fitzsimmons (president of the Teamsters Union) and that whole crew gives a damn about us," one gnarled old trucker explained.

"That damn Fitzsimmons. If the Teamsters would tell their drivers to stop driving, we could have this whole thing settled. If Nixon would spend an hour with our people instead of with those oil companies trying to get (campaign) contributions, we could have everything

straightened out. I don't believe he's (Nixon's) interested in the small businessman anymore. He's neglected us... and that Governor West, all he's done is threaten to use the National Guard. Why West hasn't even got the sense to know what time to get up."

The comments drew a few guffaws and nodding heads from the other truckers and their wives sitting around the table.

A driver named Doug went on, "Now that Congressman Floyd Spence is listening and trying to do all he can, but he ain't got the power it takes."

What about all this violence? one of the reporters asks.

"Welpp," Doug smiles, "I don't believe it's the truckers, it's these radicals who are always waiting for a chance to do something like that."

Do you have any fears about the National Guard being called out?

"As long as the Governor doesn't buy fuel for my tank then he can't tell me what to do. He ain't that big nor that old. Let 'em come."

One of the wives chipped in, "I told my

boy, you're going to get you an education and be a smart lawyer. He don't want nothing to do with no trucks."

"Why hell," one of the truckers philosophized, "Nixon's telling the Governors to get the National Guard on us and yet I read where David Eisenhower said Nixon wouldn't resign even if he was impeached. The way I see it they ought to get the Guard on Nixon, not us."

Politicians other than Floyd Spence seem to feel the independent truckers are using the public as a patsy in a power play to gain benefits for themselves. Senator Strom Thurmond and Congressman Mendel Davis used strong language Wednesday in describing striking truckers.

While Davis and Thurmond were chastizing the truckers, officials of the Nixon administration were frantically looking for solutions which would be acceptable to the Nixon regime and the truckers. Early Thursday the government announced they had reached an agreement with officials representing the independent truckers, but at least one representative, a spokesperson for *Overdrive Magazine*, rejected that claim. "There is no way in hell they're going back to work. I don't think they're going to settle." Administration officials began meeting with individual independents, since there is no organized leadership, on Friday morning.

So the issues are at least becoming more defined, more understandable from the public's point of view. Many of the truckers want to get back into their rigs and head on out, but those who aren't morally committed to the strike wonder aloud how far they could get before a bullet or a brick came crashing through their windshield. The idea is to stop everyone from driving in order to speed up resolution of the matter, and it seems to be working pretty effectively.

John Jefferson, who went to Washington at the end of the week to talk with federal officials, was asked the other day what would happen if the number of strike breakers increased and the strike was prolonged. He summed up the independents' position: "It can't go no way but more violence."

Readers Write...

To the Editors:

I write to ask permission to use excerpts from your recent cover story on me and the other candidates for Lieutenant Governor (see *Osceola*, February 1, 1974) in my campaign advertising. Examples of contemplated ads using *Osceola* quotations are as follows:

†*Audubon Society Magazine* and *Sierra Club News*: "Sanders and the State's environmental movement have...been close enough to be one and the same." (*Osceola*, February 1, 1974)

†*Anderson Independent* and *Free Press*: "In its essentially anti-establishment tone (Alex Sanders' campaign) is the first serious attempt since Olin Johnston's

day..." (*Osceola*, February 1, 1974)

†*Charleston News and Courier*: "Sanders...comes across much more the well-fed aristocrat..." (*Osceola*, February 1, 1974)

†*Osceola Magazine*: "Sanders will have made...a not insignificant contribution to opening up the Democratic Party in particular, and state politics in general." (*Osceola*, February 1, 1974)

As you can see, these ads are not only accurate quotations from your article, but also entirely consistent with my effort to be "all things to all men."

Also, I would like to take this opportunity to commend you generally for the quality of the magazine to date. In

Osceola there is hope, if not for a first thrust toward a newer journalism in state state, at least for a more entertaining version. I am sure you recognize this last line as being essentially plagiarized from the first sentence of your story on me. (See page 4, midway 3rd column).

More seriously, I found your whole story to be entirely consistent with my own appraisal of the campaign—if I were to make such a candid and frank appraisal—which, incidentally, I have no intention of doing.

Sincerely,

Alex Sanders
Columbia, S. C.

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To Turning Them Off

DRUGS

by John Marion

When Maudy's Bosom opened at 709 Santee Street, behind Groucho's Delicatessen, around 1968, there were two reactions: Papa Dale Bailes & Family at the Joyful Alternative on Green Street considered briefly the nature of business competition, and the locals started groaning about the Hippie Invasion.

That Five Points was being surrounded could not be doubted, with Papa gleefully located on one side and Maudy's, less gleefully, less joyfully, and less alternatively sitting right behind Groucho's, and worse, right beside the Winn-Dixie itself. If the Beast, in the local mind, was not precisely slouching toward Bethlehem, it had sure as hell found its way to Columbia, and to, God forbid, Five Points itself, perhaps the last bastion of sanity and easy ways in the whole city.

But head shops, like other businesses, are dependent upon a specific clientele who create strong demands for the goods in stock -- in this case, pipes, papers, psychedelic posters, clothes, beads, records, occult/religious/dope books, Zap Comix, and underground newspapers with unique blendings of scatology, social philosophy and politics. The heads had arrived.

Since those days of The Great Movements, two things have changed: The Joyful's prices have gone up, although it now maintains the finest bookstore in the city, and Maudy's rather endearing, though mildly infuriating Bosom is no longer a head shop.

When the Columbia Urban Service Center became aware of the seriousness and complexity of the city's drug problem in 1970, they quickly applied for a grant from the United States Office of Education to create a crisis center at which such problems could be treated. The South Carolina Department of Mental Health and the State Commission on Alcoholism also made donations in those early days, and "Drug Response Operation" was founded.

Later, the National Institute of Mental Health matched the local funds from Richland, Lexington and Fairfield counties, money taken almost totally from mini-bottle revenue.

In October, 1971, DRO re-opened The Bosom as Columbia's first Neighborhood Crisis Intervention Center. Like its ancestor, it too required clients that created a demand for its services. And it got them.

Thirty-year-old Sterling Laney is the director of Drug Response Operation, and he recollected this week the initial shock he and his staff received when the center was first opened. "We thought it would take between six and eight months for us to build up enough credibility among young people, with people who were using drugs or who may have trouble with drugs. What happened was, from the day we opened the place up, we were simply inundated with people flocking in there, not only with drug problems, but with problems pertaining to parental relationships, kids running away from home, unwanted pregnancies, rape victims, boy/girl problems, homosexual problems, homicidal/suicidal type problems We were having an unbelievable number of people coming in and calling. At that point, we felt that our staff needed a great deal more training."

And re-train the staff did. The schooling was ambitious, and included not only bone-grinding workshops, but trips to other parts of the country as well. Under Laney's supervision, his crisis staffs now have the equivalent of graduate level instruction in counseling and use the Carhuff-Truax text, the one most common to university graduate schools. Laney was to the point. "We felt," he recalls, "that if we were going to be intervening into people's lives that we had better be prepared for it. The same thing was going on with our volunteers; we decided to keep our volunteer cadre rather small, around 35 people, who would be screened very carefully before they came in. They would each work six hours per week, two of which would be spent in training."

Laney is well-qualified for his position. A Methodist minister—who winces at being called "Reverend" or

"Mister"—Sterling holds several degrees above undergraduate and seminary. His M.A. in Divinity was received at Emory, and his other M.A. in counseling comes from Georgia State University. He is presently completing his Ph.D. in counseling at USC. Laney worked closely with the Pilot Drug Program at the Georgia Mental Health Institute in Atlanta, and did pastoral internship at Georgia Baptist Hospital. He has also worked closely with alcoholics. It is drug abuse and its causes, however, that concerns him now. "Drug abuse is a people problem," he says, "and it is our task to address all those needs which might induce people to get into drugs—the fact that they are disenfranchised citizens, racially discriminated against, are poor without equal opportunity...problems within their homes or personal problems...We want to meet these needs, and for people to know that we are here."

At the same time, Laney, for all of his compassion, is hardly a crusader. "We are not do-gooders," he says matter-of-factly. "I think they do much more harm than good. What we tell parents is this: 'Don't make promises you can't keep or threats you can't carry out to your child.' We follow the same thing: we do what we can with what we've got. We are very honest with our clients."

For all of its successes in the largely white, counter-culture community, however, The Bosom was simply not meeting the needs of the black population. In January, 1972, "MOSOB" (the reverse spelling of bosom) was established. Now located at 1900 Hampton Street after a hard bout with a small building that froze in winter and steamed in summer, the new neighborhood center under the energetic directorship of Bunny Jones became firmly established. Though similar to The Bosom in function, it deals only with the problems unique to the black community.

Lance Shell, a high-powered counselor at Mosob whose blindness does not inhibit him, reflects the concern and aggressiveness with which the center attacks the problems. "Mosob has as its philosophy to operate as a center to find alternatives to drug abuse in the black community," he says. "I might be a little off in the percentages, but the reason we operate is because 90 percent of drug abusers affiliated with the program are black; and they are heroin users. What we do in the area of education and prevention is to try to get out



CRASH AT THE BOSOM · 709 SANTEE · HOT LINE 752-2191

A Bosom warning poster

into the black community and find out specifically what things are causing blacks to get into the drug scene. What has been found is that there is a lack of coping skills, which might include not being able to successfully fill out a food stamp application, and you know, something like that can tie up a food supply for weeks...There's also Vocational Rehabilitation, for instance. Many blacks are not necessarily academic material to the point of being able to receive a high school education, but they have tremendous ability in other areas. So we work closely with vocational rehabilitation.

"In the field of education, we have 'RIC', another coping skill offered to young blacks ages six through fourteen. 'RIC'

stands called the cou pointing Richla receptiv of instr already unknow Moso There young major transpo that m because don't g we have and tha home. V taking t Shell a pre-re month Correc pre-rele a 30-day of socia need to They've Upsta Treatme him me proven treatm methad still on difficult The i Street; constit Centers three, it 758-219 is simpl people u less effi or spoke of who suited to "is to ba We wan coping b pain thre The p person v Patient things, a is evalua establish the pati will wor possible. require l to Decke not the services i Decke probably for it is twenty together. and sens way, wh Terry Wa which m Th sacrifices welcome has brok that he moment, and zest very alon Anoth by Solici responsi man," he and you now, goo I get out together, how I see "No shit. At the promotec is pract extensive person is states," t find out one. Para ready ch

nds for Reading Improvement Class, and we use what is called the 'talking page'. "Shell points out that enrollment in the course is low, with only twelve pupils, but explains it by pointing out the program's newness. Also, even though the Highland County schools have been cooperative and receptive to DRO, many schools fear that two differing types of instruction might confuse rather than help the child who already has problems. For this reason, the effect of RIC is known, although it has been successful in other states."

Mosob also offers other alternatives to drug dependency. There is a class in Modern and African dancing, offered to young women, and there are basketball leagues for men. The major problem that these activities present, however, is transportation. "We've been trying to get some volunteers who might be willing to transport kids back and forth, but because that late at night, well, sometimes, the dance classes don't get out until 8:30, and the parents get concerned. So we have to be really, really sure that they get back from us that they don't get into anything else before they get home. We have to be responsible for picking them up and bringing them home."

Shell himself works in a demanding and useful capacity as pre-release counselor to prison inmates during their last month of incarceration. "We work with the Department of Corrections," he emphasizes, "particularly with the pre-release centers. The philosophy is to get to those guys in a 30-day period of time and to re-orient them into some kind of social adjustment. They only have 30 days left, and they need to adjust to this environment once they get out. They've been doing time from one to 15 years..."

Upstairs from Mosob is the Methadone Maintenance Treatment Center, which treats the heroin addict by giving him methadone as a substitute. The results have already proven the program's worth: of the patients seeking treatment, 22 of them are off everything, including methadone and are now either in school or at work. Those on methadone are working and experiencing much less difficulty than before, according to workers there.

The Bosom, 709 Santee Avenue; Mosob, 1900 Hampton Street; and Eureka, 432 Center Street, West Columbia; constitute the three Neighborhood Crisis Intervention Centers in the Columbia area which are part of DRO. Of the three, it is The Bosom that maintains a 24-hour hotline at 8-2191. The important thing is that neither of the centers is simply confined to drug cases. Their purpose is to help people understand themselves and to find alternatives to the inefficient ways of dealing with problems. The centers saw and spoke with approximately 12,000 people last year, many of whom were referred to various programs of DRO, best suited for the individual's needs. "The purpose," says Laney, "is to base the treatment on the patient's needs and not ours. We want him to change his self image and to develop his proper behavior, and to elevate his emotional and physical threshold."

The procedure of admission is relatively simple. When a person walks into one of the centers, he is introduced to a Patient Care Coordinator, who talks with him, explains the rules, and puts him at ease. Certain tests are given, his case is evaluated by the staff, and the most suitable program is established. If the problem does not require hospitalization, the patient is put into a program with his coordinator, who will work with him/her on a one-to-one basis as frequently as possible. Other problems, such as serious drug addiction, do require long term supervision, and such a patient is referred to Decker House, 1712 Decker Boulevard, one of the few, if not the only, non-profit, totally drug-centered in-patient facilities in the state.

Decker House, which deals solely with drug cases, is probably the most dramatic and moving program of DRO. It is here that one sees young people, mostly under twenty, making Herculean efforts to pull themselves together. For the most part, they are extremely intelligent and sensitive, and their personal courage is staggering. "In a way, what has happened to them is very good," says founder Jerry Watson, "because they are facing things at a young age which most people take much longer to realize."

The recovery process is difficult, and demands many sacrifices. For some, it will mean that they will no longer be welcomed by their old "friends." One boy, a fifteen-year-old, broken up with his girl while seeking treatment. The fact that he is much better off is not really the point; for the moment, he misses her terribly, and in spite of the warmth and zest of the staff and the other residents, he still feels lonely.

Another young man, older, has been referred to the house by Solicitor Joan Foard. His is a test case, and he feels a great responsibility for those coming after him. "I played games, man," he says with an all-too-knowing look. "It was I'm o.k., but you ain't o.k., but that was no good. I feel different now, good—you know? I know what I want to do, too. When I get out of here, I got this trial coming up, and if I get it together, it'll prove it works. I'm some kind of example, is that I see it, but I'm gonna make it through," he says softly, "o shit."

At the heart of DRO programs is Transactional Therapy, promoted by Dr. Eric Berne, author of *Games People Play*. It is practiced at the neighborhood centers and more extensively at Decker House. The central concept is that each person is governed, at different times, by each of three "ego states": the Parent, the Adult, and the Child. The trick is to find out which one is the most dominating and consuming. Paraphrasing Berne, Watson, whose exuberance and dry chuckle are equalled by his ability, explains, "All of

our actions, reactions, and interactions result from one of the states, and we learn these ego states and how to carry them out from our parents. As we talk and exchange information, we're speaking from the adult state, but if we suddenly decided to jump out of the car and climb into a heavy 'You Should' thing with you, then I would probably be speaking as Parent."

The purpose of Transactional Therapy is to make the patient aware of these ego states, and to discover which ones control him and why. The motto of Decker House seems to be, "Be a good parent to yourself," which implies that the patient is still in control, and can replace the stern, overbearing Parent ego with his own more personal, more desirable one. The discovery of ego states leads to the understanding of why the patient plays certain games that work against his own best interests, and he soon learns that those games are not necessary at all. Finally, the therapy is aimed at value clarification, and the patient is shown the extent of which his values are responsible for his situation.

Although the patient is free to leave any time he wishes, the average stay at Decker House is six months. The benefits are obvious, for the residency period provides an environment conducive to building health. Though warm and spontaneous to a great extent, the presence of non-prescribed drugs results in immediate dismissal. To date, no one has been dismissed. Most encouraging are the residents themselves, who speak with quiet conviction about who they are, with none of the zealotry of new converts. They view their old selves with mixtures of embarrassment and chagrin and are astonished that they could have ever been in such shape. Time, of course, is the final judge; how Decker House graduates will do on the outside remains to be seen. There is certainty in the fact, however, that some of these young people have discovered themselves in a terrifying yet beautiful way, and that they have matured a great deal along the way.

The Drug Response Operation, however, is by no means concerned with only young people or the underprivileged. One of the most encouraging changes in attitudes regarding drug abuse is coming from the business community, largely due to the efforts of Carol Gergel, co-ordinator of education for DRO. Mrs. Gergel, known in Columbia for her stage work

at Town Theatre and Workshop Theatre, has traveled finding out how major businesses and industries are dealing with drug abuse among workers. Her efforts have led to the creation of SOLVE, or Seminars on Local Veering Employees.

Of the fifty questionnaires concerning drug abuse sent to local businesses, 25 have been returned to Gergel. Her last seminar was attended by high echelon officials from Tamper, WIS-TV, DuPont, Colonial Stores, ETV, Banker's Trust of South Carolina, Trojan Steel, and the S.C. State Employment Service. All of these organizations have one thing in common -- an interest in finding alternatives to employee dismissal in dealing with drug abuse. Gergel's booklet, a 50-page compilation of information regarding drug abuse and its solutions for business and industry will soon be available to local companies. The booklet makes an interesting point, that the primary crisis in drugs occurs among 18-24 year olds, but that the second greatest problem age in drugs, one that isn't often thought of, is in the age group of 50 and over.

Drug Response Organization, according to all available evidence, has done excellent work in the areas of drug education, prevention, and treatment. Not only has DRO had no trouble with authorities, but they have also received the full cooperation of people such as Solicitor John Foard, Police Chief John Cauthen, Sheriffs Frank Powell of Richland and James Metts of Lexington.

"In three years of operation," says Laney, "they (law enforcement) have never broken their promises. No one has ever been busted at a center, and many times they have actually brought people to us. Our relationship with the whole criminal justice system has been very good... it's amazing how good. It seems to be populated with people who understand the problems, and that incarceration really doesn't solve the problem..."

Whoever said time changeth all things said a mouthful. Perhaps it can be said that the glories of The Bosom lie not only in its function and successes, but in the wild, perhaps not so glorious, ironies as well.

photo by Julie Byrum



The Bosom

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AL PACINO "SERPICO"



A dose of David Brinkley

by Bob Thompson

"David Brinkley's Journal," a brief analysis following the NBC Nightly News, has come to have an effect on cynics such as Geritol is supposed to have on the middle-aged. Brinkley's acerbic wit may not have all the active ingredients it should, but it does wonders to rejuvenate those who seek the right not to believe everything they are told.

Brinkley brought his one-man medicine show to the Clemson University campus Tuesday, speaking to a capacity crowd in Tillman Hall as part of the University Speakers Bureau program. He no doubt sent some listeners reeling with a long eulogy on America's incorruptibility, before he launched into an episodic account of corruption in government.

A native of Wilmington, N.C., and a graduate of the University of North Carolina, Brinkley has spent the last 28 years at NBC, where he was co-anchor of NBC Nightly News—for years the sardonic second half of the Huntley-Brinkley Report—until two years ago. He then began his journal, "a series of personal reports about the news," aired five times weekly.

Brinkley said he feels President Nixon "certainly intends to try to finish his term in office because it is not in his nature to resign."

"Nixon would be destroyed politically if he were to resign now because he would be leaving office under a cloud of suspicion," the newscaster claimed.

"If you look at it through his eyes, why should he resign?" Brinkley questioned. "If he left office now, he would have nothing to do. He'd have to pay

his own lawyers," Brinkley said in a jibe directed at reports this week that Nixon has used about \$300,000 of federal funds to defend himself in the Watergate case.

The veteran newsmen said he doubts that the House of Representatives will impeach Nixon "unless they can find a specific violation of a specific law." Investigations so far haven't turned up evidence of such a violation, he said.

Another reason why congressional leaders aren't pushing impeachment, Brinkley asserted, "is that there is nothing in it for them." He added, "No one is going to gain any votes by impeaching Nixon."

Brinkley was asked at a press conference if Tricia Nixon Cox simply had a slip of the tongue when she said recently the President should be allowed to "rule"—a term not normally applied to lectured leaders. The newsmen replied that it would be "up to the psychiatrists to determine" if the attribution of such a royal prerogative to Nixon was a Freudian slip or not.

Yet Nixon has tended more toward an "imperial style" than have most Presidents, Brinkley remarked. He cited costly White House dinners and the assigning of fleets of airplanes for White House use as examples of pretentiousness. Brinkley forecasts that the Republican candidate for President in 1976 will be Vice-President Gerald Ford, whom Brinkley claims will be "hard to beat."

As for the Democratic candidate, he said, "I do not—and cannot—believe it will be Senator

Kennedy. Beyond that, I cannot guess."

A recession is on the way, according to Brinkley, though Nixon has claimed it can be avoided. "It would be nice if he could promise us that we won't have a recession, but he can't." Brinkley said federal energy chief William E. Simon is "leveling" with the public, but that he doesn't know "everything" about the energy crisis.

"You can't find out," Brinkley added. "I could tell you 50 different stories from 50 different sources but I couldn't tell which one was true."

One reason the American public finds the Watergate break-in scandalous, Brinkley claimed, is that "we expect a great deal more of our political system and leaders than most other countries do."

Brinkley responded to questions on subjects ranging from American involvement in Southeast Asia ("We still have 150,000 troops in countries surrounding South Vietnam and thousands of citizens still in South Vietnam itself.") to the chances for a black vice-president ("The day is coming.") to whether he wears a hairpiece on camera (a smiling "No.").

Asked whether Nixon-Agnew criticism of the press has had a negative effect on reporting in Washington, Brinkley said, "I don't think personally that Nixon's criticism has had any effect. Every President has disliked the press because we don't praise them enough."

And David Brinkley—god forbid—will never be accused of praising Presidents, or anyone else, too much. And things are probably better for that.

Television/Town Meeting

Public access arrives

South Carolina Educational Television's (Channel 35, locally) new series, "Town Meeting" got off to a slow but steady start Tuesday night.

Executive producer Gene Upright explained this week that "Town Meeting" is based on an old NBC 1930s radio series in which a panel of experts on a particular subject would debate among themselves and then receive questions from the audience in the studio.

In ETV's version, not only can the studio audience ask questions, but viewers from across the state can phone in their questions via a toll free line.

"What we are trying to do is create a public dialogue about public issues and to demonstrate to the citizens of this state that they have access to the people who ultimately make the decisions," Upright said.

Tuesday night's show concerned health care in South Carolina. The panelists included Governor John West, Dr. Robert Toomey, general director of Greenville General Hospital, Dr. Robert A. Johnson, special assistant to the Governor, and Dr. James Coburn, vice president of academic affairs for the S.C. Medical University. In the audience were a number of experts in the fields of health care and health care delivery systems.

Since Dr. Toomey, author of the so-called Toomey Report on health care in South Carolina, and Dr. Coburn are opposed to the creation of a second medical school in the state and West and Dr. Johnson favor the second school, the show promised to be a fireworks session. Unfortunately no one ever lit the fuse.

Many of the questions from the audience dealt with interesting but

complex subjects and many of the phone calls were from doctors across the state wanting to get in a few swipes at Toomey or the Governor. But still the discussion stayed at a technical or clinical level and never really got down to the gut issues.

This, however, wasn't the fault of the ETV people. All they could do was put the logical ingredients together and hope that something interesting would happen. And don't misunderstand. It was interesting, but much too polite.

Tom Fowler, producer of the series, explained that the ETV staff has spent months putting together film and panel members for the four-week series.

The shows are at 9 p.m. each Tuesday night in February. The next show--February 8--will deal with legislative reform in South Carolina. An ETV film crew went to California last month to film

interviews with California legislator Jess Unruh. The California legislative system is regarded as one of the most efficient in the country, so Fowler thought a film segment with Unruh would be a good preface to the panelists discussion.

The third program in the series--February 19--will deal with education in South Carolina. State Superintendent of Education Cyril Busbee will offer his opinions on the subject.

The last segment in the series--February 26--will deal with nuclear power in South Carolina and will include a filmed interview with Ralph Nader and Atomic Energy Commission officials.

ETV's experiment with "Town Meeting" is a beautiful example of public access television and as Gene Upright puts it, "We believe that when someone at home can pick up the telephone and sound off, then we truly have a participatory democracy. People given the right information will make the right decision."

--Dick Harpootlian

Development board junket

(Continued from page four)

jet-lagged tour members had an opportunity to nap during a 15-minute slide show featuring the Verona plant.

The group sent the afternoon touring the Verona plant, after being told that no cameras would be allowed within the gates. This led to a series of camera jokes, including a lengthy explanation in German by Zurich correspondent Robert Lamberg as to merits of his tiny camera watch, which caused some anguish among the German-speaking plant officials, and culminating in Lamberg's remark as we all filed into a Verona men's room: "No pictures!"

We ended the day in a bar, where I learned about the Indian newspaper business from Jogindra Kumar Banerji, who writes for two small Indian-English language papers and a Bengali paper with a circulation of 300,000. Banerji, who at about 70 was by far the oldest member of the tour group, explained that few Indians speak English--"a language forced upon us by our oppressors," he said with a grin--but that the Bengali paper is an "advertising goldmine." "The only problem is the paper shortage," he said. "The news is cut first, then the advertising." I said it sounded familiar.

I was interested in the reactions of the press tour members to the day's presentation, which in good public relations fashion had profiled South

Carolina as an industrial paradise, even down to the happy natives. In their eagerness to present a positive picture of the state, the public relations people had failed to bring up anything controversial. For example, during the TEC tour, Keshishian asked if TEC credits were transferrable to other institutions--which they generally aren't, a point raised by many TEC students who decide later to enter college. A TEC official replied quickly and emphatically that "It's possible, but this is not what TEC is designed for. TEC is a 'pure system,' that is, the emphasis is purely on training. We are not attempting to provide a broad community education program." No mention of Dr. Julio Bortolazzo, TEC's short-term director, who charged upon resigning that the state was developing through separate TEC and community college systems a new dual educational system with overtones of racial and economic discrimination.

In response to my question about the unbalanced presentation, the foreign journalists agreed with Peter Strafford's statement: "I think we're all aware that it's a one-sided presentation--but one can make allowances for it. One hopes, I think, that one can present a balanced point of view." Strafford admitted, however, that he and the others would draw most of the material for their news stories on the trip

from the materials and information given them by state officials, in which case SCBD's \$275 investment in the tour will have been more than worth it.

THE END

There was no room for us in the development board Oldsmobiles, and since my companion had wisely invested in a sleek American sports car which gets about seven miles to the gallon, we spent the day following the journalists through North Charleston, Goose Creek, and the backroads of Berkeley County, keeping a constant eye out for gasoline. And there was gasoline--we saw five open stations during the day, all with lines of fifty cars or more. We were down to three gallons when we prepared to leave the Verona plant--fifteen miles north of Charleston. As I walked to the car, Keshishian asked, "You and your friend will now drive to Columbia?" "Only if we find gas," I replied, without thinking much.

Later, as we left a bar near the airport, we had only a gallon left. While I searched the area gas stations for signs of life, my friend walked Keshishian to his car.

"Now you and your friend will try to find gasoline," Keshishian told him. "And if you do not find it, your friend will turn to you and say, 'It's those damned Arabs!' You tell him for me, okay? Tell him, 'No, it's those damned Israelis!'"

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Movies/'Day For Night'

A fascination for film

by Mike Smith
DAY FOR NIGHT
directed by Francois Truffaut
at the Fox Theatre

Francois Truffaut in *Day for Night* does on film what Arthur Hailey does in several of his novels—*Hotel*, *Airport*, *Wheels*: he studies one aspect of the labor market and examines the people involved in that line of work. Fortunately, watching *Day for Night* should satisfy public interest in the art of film-making to such an extent that we shall be spared any forthcoming volume (*Movie-Set?*) from the pen of Mr. Hailey.

Truffaut gives us a behind-the-scenes look at the people on both sides of the camera who are responsible for the ultimate success or failure of the final filmed result. We meet the publicists, the producer, the director, script people, make-up artists, cameramen, and finally, the actors themselves. We learn how to make snow, how to take a dive, how to use a stand-in, and other little tricks of the trade.

Je vous presente Pamela (Meet Pamela), the film within the film, tells a somewhat sleazy story about a young woman (Pamela) who falls in love with her husband's father. She destroys the father's marriage and family. When the two flee, her husband gives chase and eventually kills his father. Pamela goes over a cliff in a sports car. Truffaut chaotically presents these sequences in the order in which they are filmed, not as they would be placed later in the final version of *Meet Pamela*.

Around the making of this mediocre movie, Truffaut fashions

stories which are just as trite and maudlin as the one in *Pamela*. Alexandre, a great screen lover (the father in *Pamela*), woos an aging leading lady, whose son is dying of leukemia and whose only solace is alcohol, so that the two of them may adopt his homosexual lover as their son; an actress, whose husband deserted his family to insure her mental illness will not recur, beds down her leading man and soon finds her marriage nearing disaster; the many subplots seem to crawl out of the woodwork and infest the screen. No single one is particularly interesting, only oddly charming and entertaining.

What the movie is about, though, is much more interesting than soap and sex. "How does a man," asks Ferrand the director (ably played by Truffaut), "make a movie such as this in 35 days?" His answer to this will, of course, be the ever unseen version of *Meet Pamela*. The real Truffaut's answer comes in *Day for Night*.

The director quickly pulls his audience into his film, and into his film within the film, in his initial sequence—the shooting of a crucial scene of *Meet Pamela*. Something goes wrong on the set; a director instructs his extras, and again, we see the shot, and again, and again until perfection. But the outer frame of Truffaut directing Truffaut who is, in turn, directing a movie gives these repeated scenes deeper intensities of meaning than the final version could ever produce (the one actually used in *Meet Pamela*). As Truffaut glides further into his movie, he fills the screen with the sense of entropy—things madly whirling apart—until the director and his film crew become stars of

the movie, too. In fact, the shenanigans of *Meet Pamela* seem tame compared to the real-life high-jinks of the people who are making the main parts in the film. The two soap operas merge into one fantasy. Ferrand must ultimately direct his associates' private lives, too, so that the only reality in *Day for Night* comes from the sense of professionalism, accomplishment, and adventure which cast and crew derive from their work.

Truffaut the director is interesting to watch both on and off screen. On screen, he plays Ferrand as a gentle and patient man at peace with his environment and his art. As the director of *Day for Night*, he gives a virtuoso performance as he combines the pseudo-artsiness of *Meet Pamela* with the sentiment and humor of the human comedy about him. His mixture of film styles boggles the mind. We move from the lyrical sweep of *Meet Pamela* to a "cinema-verite" style as realism and fantasy become one. The day of director as superstar may not be over.

The other actors are pleasing and give enjoyable performances. Jacqueline Bisset, Valentine Cortese, Jean-Pierre Aumont, and Jean-Pierre Leaud play the four actors with sufficient verve. Cortese presents the film's best acting. As Severine, the aging beauty haunted by her son's sickness, she brilliantly shows us the struggle of the artist who must put reality aside—no matter how horrible that may be—in order to create a fantasy of beauty and pleasure. Dani, as the script girl, Jean Champion as the producer, Nathalie Baye as Joelle, and Bernard Menez as Bernard are all excellent as the people behind the scenes.

The script by Truffaut, Jean-Louis Richard, and Suzanne Schiffman sparkles with wit and superbly manages the transitions from truth to fantasy. It isn't a great dramatic work in itself, but their comic scenes more than make up for hack writing in the soapier moments. The musical score is excellent. The opening credits also deserve special attention. Truffaut runs a soundtrack along one side of the screen. We can see the sound of the music playing as well as the voice of the director over it who is controlling the orchestration. This sequence, in itself, is stunning.

During *Day for Night*, Ferrand has a recurring dream. A young boy, politely dressed in a suit and carrying a cane, sneaks down a street and crosses to a building. The third time we see this dream—Ferrand's personal fantasy—we watch it until completion. The young gentleman crosses to a theatre whose lobby is closed off for the night by a gate. Deftly, he uses his cane as an extended arm and steals the glossy photos advertising *Citizen Kane*. Like this dream, *Day for Night* reminds us that our lives are ever haunted by a fascination for film and what it can do.

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Music/The New York Dolls

Good raunchy music

by Hank Gilman—
NEW YORK DOLLS
SRM 1-675

Sure this review is five months late, but I'm confident that no one will notice and that is precisely why I chose to take this album up at this late date...Yes, you can still be the first on your block to discover the New York Dolls.

The Dolls are from the city, as their name suggests, and are the cream of the numerous "glitter" and "punk" groups that frequented the late, infamous Mercer Arts Center. The Dolls led the way out of dungeons of Mercer on the strength of well-timed G chords, and looking a bit meaner and (for the most part) prettier, than the opposition. A following built around the Dolls, and record company execs came to catch the act. They liked what they saw, but they didn't like the asking price of the Doll's manager. Everyone knew success was just around the corner of East Tenth Street, and it was only a matter of time before the rest of the country caught on.

I first viewed this new wave of energy on a Boston bill which also featured Larry Coryell and Captain Beefheart. When three diverse groups are merged for an evening, what ensues is a mess for everyone involved. Jazz fans, Beefheart fans, and a few people who just drifted in. A fine setting for the Dolls' Boston premiere, and they fell right on their faces. The music was loud to the point of distortion, the concert hall choked with smoke, and the Dolls were booed off the stage. (To this lead singer David Jo Hansen dedicated their own "Frankenstein" composition to "all the tacky kids in the audience.")

I was very disappointed. It looked like I was a victim of the hype that pushed the Dolls as far as undertaking a European tour before their first album was even released, and the praises of rock critics, who can't pass up an opportunity to say, "I was there when it all started." Because of this hype I knew they would make it big, but from their performance, I never expected the Dolls to be good.



The New York Dolls

I was wrong, they are good, and I'll go as far and say that their first album for Mercury is the best album in the hard stuff genre to be released in a year. Ten cuts, and ten damn good songs, almost a throwback to the good times.

The Dolls' music is neo-Stones and captures the bite and all the kick-ass qualities that frequented the Stones' early work, only this is 1973 street music. In place of "Satisfaction" we have the Dolls' "Personality Crisis" which depicts the modern man's psyche encountering the trials of city living. It's all the same, but the times have changed and so have the audiences.

Perhaps responsible for the Dolls' excellent vinyl debut is producer Todd Rundgren, who throws in an occasional piano and synthesizer along the way. He brought out every possible aspect of the Dolls' music and twisted it into a discernable product, which is a significant turn-about from their Boston performance.

It's difficult to point to one particular song on this album and say, "This is the best, that one is second best," but there are ones that do stand out, and as well as can be done, state the Dolls' case in full.

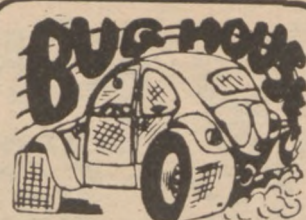
"Trash," a story of love lost, is one of those songs, and in my opinion, a rock classic, lyrically

and musically. I'll never know why it was never released as a single.

But the Dolls are more than just thrown away love and identity crises. They are pills, subway trains, Jetboys, and most of all they are the Franksteins they sing about.

Another song that stands out in my mind at the moment (I had a new favorite every week for awhile), is "Bad Girl." As hard a song as one could ever want, "Bad Girl" showcases the acid lyric that is a hallmark of any good rock number. David Jo Hansen's gravel voice compliments the music to perfection. Raunch seeks raunch. This is the formula that succeeds through the album—somehow it seems it shouldn't, but thankfully it does.

If you have no stomach for this sort of thing, don't buy the album—you won't like it. But if you want a good, hard, forty minutes of music, this album is a must. The Dolls are soon releasing their next album called "Too Much, Too Soon," and as of now, rumor has it that they might be leading the show for Yes, Sunday (Feb. 10) at the Coliseum. When you file out of that home of our New York-bred basketball team Sunday night, you just might be dancing to a group you didn't pay to see.



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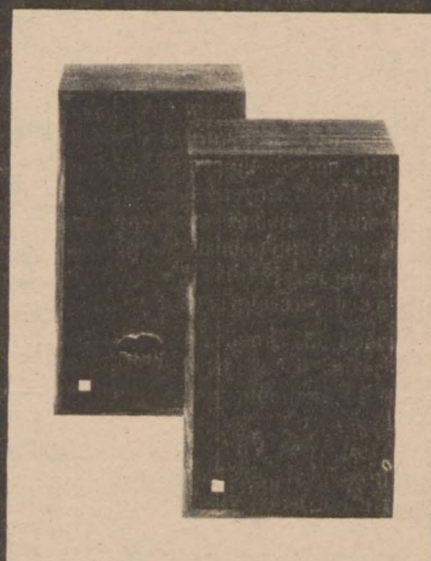
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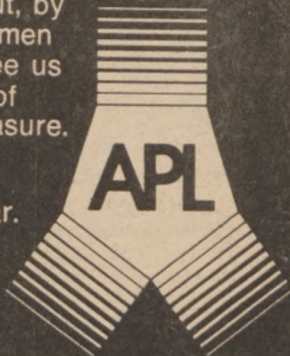
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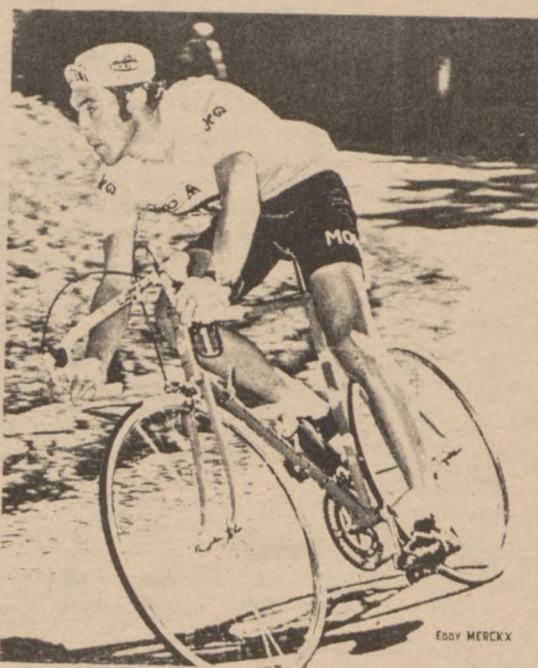
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EVENTS & entertainments

February 8 - 16

cinema

If you're thinking about going to a movie, call ahead to verify times and shows. Many area theatres are subject to last minute changes in schedules.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225
ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225

We couldn't get a hold of the theatres to find out what was showing—so call for details.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"They Call Me Trinity" and "Trinity Is Still My Name". No comment—these have been on before and if you dig "comic westerns" they're okay. Shows are at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"101 Acts of Love." This one is pretty well-done. The photography is good, but the film has a premise of educational goodwill which is pretty ridiculous. Also, the actors look pretty bored—but if you like good-looking people in the sack—this one is for you. Plus, "The Sensuous Wife". Rated X. Shows continuous from 1:00 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"Papillon" is still holding, but get ready for the big send-off in a couple of weeks (thank God!). If any of you out there have not seen this film yet, please line up and go see it. Rated PG (for violence and deprivation). Times at 1, 3:35, 6:15, and 9:00 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"Serpico," is a really fine film based on a real life cop in New York City who forced Lindsay to form a committee to investigate police corruption. Starring Al Pacino. Call the theatre for times.

The Exorcist starts March 1—so get ready with the crucifixes.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Day for Night" is Francois Trauffaut's newest film with Jacqueline Bisset and Jean-Claude Leaud as actors who become involved with each other's problems during the filming of a movie. This one should be great. Call the theatre for times.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"King of Hearts" is a satirical comment on war starring Alan "Fig" Bates. To show you how good this flick is, it has been playing in one theatre in Boston for three years. Hmmm. Shows at 1:50, 3:40, 5:30, 7:20, and 9:15 p.m.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"Sleeper" with Diane Keaton and Woody Allen. This one is pretty good though it tends to get a bit pointless towards the end. Shows at 1, 2:40, 4:20, 6:00, 7:40, and 9:20 p.m. NOTE: To see Woody Allen fooling around in a mechanized wheelchair or beating an instant pudding is well worth the price of admission—all other comments aside.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Sting" is still holding on. With Robert Redford and Paul Newman in this film about conmen in the Thirties. Times are 2:20, 4:40, 7:00, and 9:20 p.m.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1225 Main Street, 256-1050

"McQ" starring John Wayne. (Snore)

Shows are at 1:15, 3:00, 5:10, 7:20, and 9:20 p.m.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Paper Chase" is a super film about a guy in his first year of law school, who idolizes a machine of a professor, gets involved with his daughter, who urges him to forget about grade achievement and all the sham that goes with it,—well, it's not really like that—but if you know a law student, you should appreciate this. It moves quickly and everyone in it is really believable. With Timothy Bottoms (he has hair this time), Lindsay Wagner, and John Houseman as the professor (Mr. Houseman teaches actors at the Juilliard School in New York—he is superb.). Show times are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 p.m.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"House of the Seven Corpses". Yecch. Showtimes for Friday and Saturday are 1:50, 3:25, 5, 6:40, and 8:15 p.m. And on Sunday, they are 1:05, 2:40, 4:15, 5:50, 7:25, and 9 p.m. But then, who cares?

Special Beatles Late Shows and Matinee with "A Hard Day's Night" playing Friday and Saturday nights at 10 p.m. with a special matinee at 10 a.m. on Saturday.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall Shopping Center, 782-2228

"The Way We Were" is still holding for a while. See Barbra Streisand nab Robert Redford and then force him to leave. Lots of hankies and popcorn are needed for this one. Showtimes are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 p.m. Rated PG.

"Brother of the Wind" is a "real-life adventure" film and starts Friday, Feb. 15th. Times are 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

CAMPUS FILMS

All films at the University of South Carolina's Russell House Theatre are free to USC students, faculty, and administrative staff (except for those films whose rentals are high enough to merit charging). Some of the best films in Columbia appear here, so find yourself a willing student if you aren't one.

Thursday Friday, and Sunday, February 7, 8 and 10

"Hendrix at Berkeley"—what a prize! This film played in a local Columbia theatre for a much larger admission fee than the \$1.00 the University charges. Don't miss this last concert of Hendrix's.

Sunday, February 10

"Hiroshima, Mon Amour"—good luck with this one. Call the Russell House information desk for information. Times are 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Monday, February 11

"The Philadelphia Story". If this is the good one, it has Katherine Hepburn in it, but find out before you go. Times are 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Tuesday, February 12

"Dr. Glas." Times are 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Wednesday, February 13

"The Virgin and the Gypsy" is an adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's novel. With Joanna Shimkus and Franco Nero. Times are 7 and, yes, you guessed it, 9:30 p.m.

Thursday and Friday, February 14 and 15

"Cries and Whispers" is perhaps the best Ingmar Bergman film dealing with women and their complex relationships and feelings, all brought to the surface when two sisters visit their dying elder sister. With Harriett Andersson, Liv Ullman, and Ingrid Thulin. Fee is \$1.00 per person. Times are 7 and 9:30 p.m.

television

Saturday, February 9

8:30 p.m.—"The Elevator" is a suspense tale about "a group of diverse people who are caught between floors in an elevator." With James Farentino and Carol Lynley in an original story idea. Great, isn't it? (Channel 25)

Sunday, February 10

7:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" or something like that. This oughta be a thrill for all you folks with color sets—set the dial at red and leave it there. With (who else?) Clint Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef, and Eli Wallach in this heartbreaking love story. (Channel 25)

Monday, February 11

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "Lovers and Other Strangers" with Bea Arthur and George Castellano. I think this one is supposed to be pretty good. (Channel 25)

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "The Great Escape" with Steve McQueen, James Garner, and David McCallum in Part One of this fine escape adventure about Nazi prison camps. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, February 12

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "I Love You, Goodbye" about a housewife who leaves her husband and kids in search of self. With Hope Lange. (Channel 25)

Thursday, February 14

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "Ryan's Daughter" running complete (except for the nude scenes and wedding night blues scenes) in this first television showing. With Sarah Miles, Christopher Jones, and Robert Mitchum. John Mills won an Oscar for this one. (Channel 19)

Friday, February 15

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "Halls of Anger" about life in the ghettos. With Calvin Lockhart and Janet MacLachlan. These two actors are just fine... (Channel 19)

9:30 p.m.—Special. "Dean Martin Roasts Ralph Nader" with roasters including Mort Sahl, Ruth Buzzi, and Rich Little. And yes, Ralph himself will be there—so watch for those Mort Sahl digs. (Channel 10)

specials

A Discussion on "Black Women in the Women's Movement" will be held on Monday, February 11, in room 307 of the Russell House at 8 p.m. as a part of women's week at the University. All interested persons are invited.

A Discussion on Gay Women will be open to all interested persons on Thursday, February 14 in room 306 of the Russell House.

Women in Academia is a panel discussion along the same lines as the previous two and will be held on Friday, February 13 in room 306 of the Russell House at 8 p.m.

Burt Neuborne, staff counsel for the national office of the American Civil Liberties Union, will be in Columbia on Friday, February 8 at 8 p.m. in the auditorium at the USC Law School to speak on "Impeachment of the President" and the ACLU's position concerning such matters.

Student Rights and Responsibilities in South Carolina the second printing of a handbook concerning that subject, is currently available for 50 cents per handbook from the ACLU office at 2016½ Green Street, in Columbia. The book was distributed to over 20,000 high school students in South Carolina last year.

art

Women Fortnight Exhibit will be on view at the Russell House Art Gallery in honor of Women's Week at the University of South Carolina beginning February 3.



Timothy Bottoms in "Paper Chase"

Drawings and Paintings by six artists, all USC graduates will be showing at Ellis Art Studio from February 7 - 21. The Ellis Art Studio is located on Devine Street, just up from Five Points.

The Columbia Museum of Art offers a large variety of artifacts, silver pieces, and mixed media works for February. American Silver Craftsman since 1815 features the works of Samuel Kirk and Sons, a renowned silver firm whose work is still popular today because of its good quality and incomparable design. To set off the antique silver, antique furniture has been loaned to the Museum. The show runs through March 3 and is in display beginning Sunday, Feb. 3.

Also featured for Feb. 3 is a collection of Classical Art in the Carolina's featuring Greek, Roman and Etruscan artifacts culled from the private and public collections of North and South Carolina. The show will be complemented by a schedule of illustrated lectures and by half-hour conducted tours on Sundays at 2:30 p.m. Call the Museum for details about this show.

For contemporary art lovers, drawings and mixed media work by Marion Talmadge-Estridge presumes the universality of symbols. Ms. Talmadge-Estridge is from Frogmore and her works have been shown at the Yale University School of Art and Architecture and have won prizes in several large art shows. The exhibit is on view beginning February 3 at the Museum on the corner of Bull and Senate Streets in downtown Columbia.

classes

The Music of George Gershwin will be sponsored as a short course by the University on Thursday evenings, Feb. 14 through March 7. The course will examine Gershwin's song-writing techniques and his popular songs and will be taught by Prof. Gordon Goodwin and held from 7:30-9:30 p.m. at McMaster College at the corner of Senate and Pickens Streets. Tuition is \$9 per person or \$15 per married couple. For further information, call 777-2589

concerts

The Concord String Quartet will be at the Campus Room of Capstone Dorm on the University campus (corner of College and Barnwell Streets) in a free performance on February 14, at 8:15 p.m. There will also be a workshop to all interested persons at 3:00 p.m. that same day. For further information contact Gretchen Laatsch at 777-8182 or Mary Beth Boring at 777-4144.

Yes will be in concert at the Carolina Coliseum on Sunday, February 10, at 8:00 p.m. Tickets are \$6, \$5, and \$4.

Black Sabbath will be in concert at the Carolina Coliseum on Sunday, February 17 at 7 p.m.

edited by Julie Byrum